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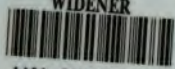
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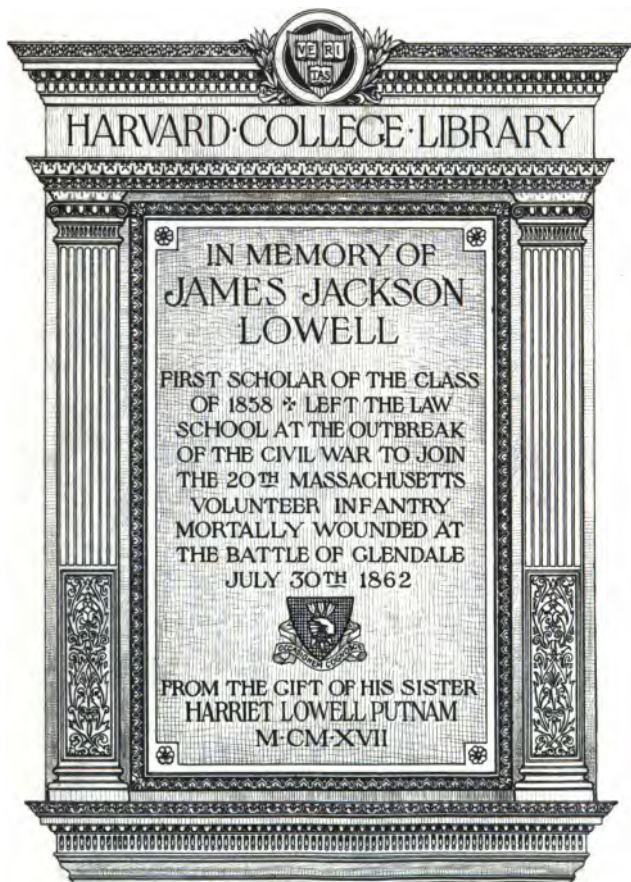
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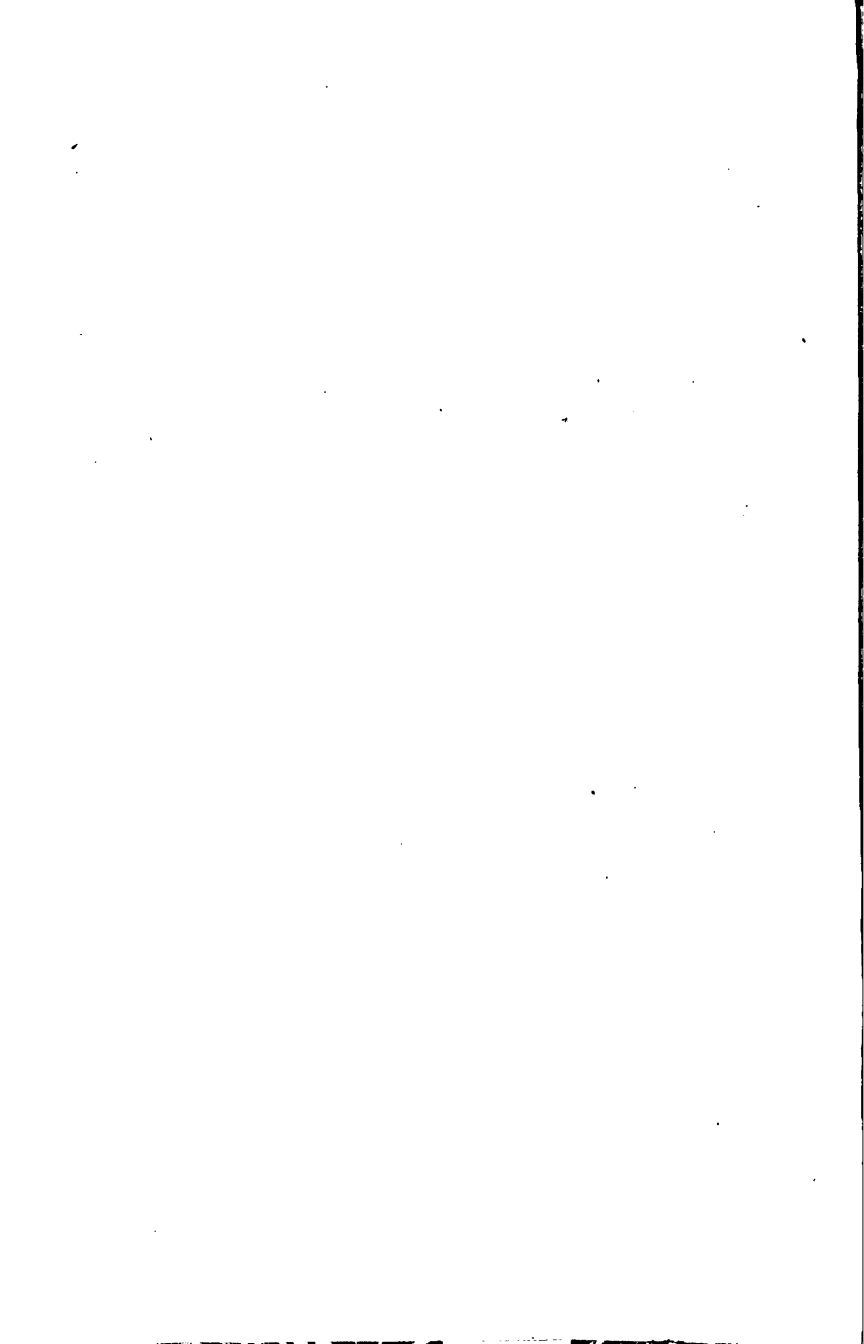


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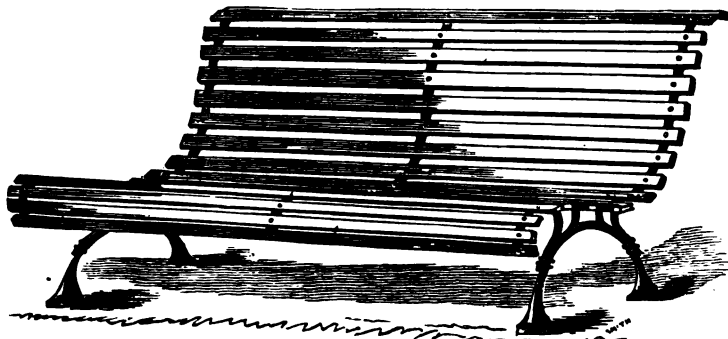


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A LITTLE TIN PLATE

AND

OTHER. VERSES

BY

GARNET WALCH

AUTHOR OF "VICTORIA IN 1880," &c., &c.

GEORGE ROBERTSON

MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, ADELAIDE, AND BRISBANE

1881

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DEDICATION.

TO

LOUISE BOMEROE

BRAVE floral tribute, gladly paid,
Fair Queen of Art, salutes thee nightly—
The triumph of some mirrored maid
In lustrous reflex glowing brightly.

And, oh! what vigorous force impels
Those arms, nigh wrenched from out their
sockets,
Bombarding thee with lily shells,
With bursting buds and rosy rockets.

From 'midst those flowery missiles thrown
With rare goodwill by all who toss 'em,
Ah! deign to lift, and make thine own,
This simple spray of wattle-blossom.

MELBOURNE,

Queen's Birthday, 1881.

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A LITTLE TIN PLATE.

AMIDST the massive sideboard's burnished wealth—
Rich flagons, loving cups, and wassail bowls,
Brave trophies of the River and the Hunt,
And old-world tankards bossed with pictured tale—
Fair in the centre, as a place of pride,
On special pedestal, there rests a plate—
An old tin plate—a battered, dinted plate,
With alphabet for legend round its marge
Encircling Wellington in bold relief,
His cocked hat glory vying with his nose
To vouch the portrait true past breath of doubt—
A shabby, sorry plate—a dingy plate—
A Pariah of plates, yet still a plate
That has its story, and the story thus :—

* * * * *

That plate there was bought by Jack Hill
'Bout the time of the rush to Split Creek
For to give to his kid, little Bill.
I remember it, same as last week.

Little Bill was a bright four-year-old,
 Could toddle an' talk with the best—
Blue eyes, an' his curly hair gold,
 An' such limbs—you should seen him undressed !
Most kids has some ways of their own,
 An' Bill's was the takingest out.
To watch that there infant alone
 Was as good any day as a shout.
Jack Hill—which the name was a blind—
 Was as fond of the child as could be ;
That loving an' tender an' kind,
 You'd have thought he was three parts a she.
It was all he had left of his luck
 Since his wife, poor young creatur', had died ;
But though patches was not to be struck,
 He was happy with Bill by his side.
Most days Bill to lessons was sent,
 While his father worked eighty foot down,
But at night the boy slep' in the tent,
 In a crib like the smartest in town ;
An' on Sundays no shaft an' no school,
 But a regular treat for the pair,
With a stroll in the bush, as a rule,
 An' a extra bit lisp of a prayer.
Jack was never a psalm-singing one,
 There wasn't much snuffle in him,
But what the young mother begun
 He wouldn't allow to go dim.

An' he used to tell yarns to that kid,
Me being his mate—do you take ?—
For to put Bill to sleep, an' they did,
But they'd keep *me* all night wide awake—
Such twisters of fairies with wings
As lived in each flower, on each bough,
An' of all sorts of fanciful things,
Which their names, though, has slipped me just now ;
But never no bogeyfied rot
That them nurses prefer, as it seems,
An' that proved Jack to know what was what,
For the boy always smiled in his dreams.
Times kep' quisby, for when we were through,
An' had bottomed clean on to the lead,
The washdirt turned out a dead slew ;
'Twas enough to make any heart bleed—
Not a speck ! not a load for a ant,
Not as much as would fill a fly's eye.
We hadn't a show for a slant,
It was plain that our luck was sky-high.
Says I, "Let's jack up, man alive,
An' try further down on the Creek !"
"All right !" says my mate, "but we'll drive
Right an' left to the end of this week."
So we drove for a couple of days,
An' still we was out in the cold,
When, sudden as straw in a blaze,
I'm blamed if we didn't strike gold !

Such gold, too, the nuggetty kind ;

Like plums stuck in duff, they was thick,
With a prospect of plenty behind,
For it bettered each stroke of the pick.

At first we was quite took aback.

Luck like this ! when we thought luck was spent.
Then I touched flesh in silence with Jack,

An' at it, like tigers, we went.
We'd got it, at last—the right sort !

But we didn't say one single word,
For, whatever the pair of us thought,

'Twas our picks, not our tongues, as we stirred.
At night, when snug fixed in our beds,

There'd be plenty of time to rejoice—
With that, man, right over our heads,

We was scared by the sound of a voice !—
'Twas the schoolmaster, come to report

As poor little Bill was took bad.
Jack downs with his pick quick as thought,
And ups to the surface like mad !

When I follows—I waited to get

A bag of them plums, if you please—
There was Jack, like a statter he set,
With Bill, half asleep, on his knees.

Says I, thinking 'twould take off the rough
(For I see that the kid was real bad),

"Here's a sack full of comfortin' stuff !— "

"Speak soft," hisses Jack ; "are you mad ?

Chuck that muck in the corner—an' start
For the township—an' rouse up old Heard,
An' tell him to come an' look smart!"

I was off like a redshank, my word!—
Old Heard was a doctorin' bloke,
Knew as much as most "medical men,"
Which ain't lashings—a beggar to soak,
But sober enough now and then.

He was right, for a wonder, this day,
An' as wise as a mopoke with that;
So we into his visitin'-shay,
An' along the back track at a bat!—
Heard hauls out a watch from his kick,
Feels Bill's pulse, as it seemed, half an hour;
Next he has a long suck at his stick
(Which, to judge by his look, tasted sour);
Then he shakes his old chump to and fro,
At a dignified pendulum pace
An' he mutters, half 'loud and half low,
"Bad case—ah!—a very bad case."
Says Jack, "So I thought; now, fair's fair—
You've to save him, that's *what* you've to do.
For a week or so, Heard, you keep square;
And if, by God's grace, he pulls through,
D'ye see that bag there?—*half* is mine;
You shall have it—ah! handle the weight."
Says I, "Come, our forces we'll jine,
For *I* goes the other half, mate."

Well! old Heard did his best for that fee,
Kep' as straight as a clear-splitting pine,
But no use, for it wasn't to be,
Not for all the gold south of the Line.
When He says that the flower must fade,
The gardeners may watch an' may tend,
But His is the will that's obeyed—
I suppose it's all right in the end.
“Water—water!”—that hoarse little cry
Grew weaker and weaker, until
For hours that there darlin' would lie
Like a pretty wax figure—so still.
Don't you snuff? No, quite right—as you say,
It's a habit that's best left alone;
It makes one's eyes water, too—hey!
But it comforts me sometimes, I own.
Well, an hour before little Bill died,
He picked up that 'dential plate
Which had been his partickilar pride,
An' he holds it out straight to my mate
(It caught one big tear as it fell).
Says he, “Pa dear, you gave this to Bill
For learning his letters so well.
Will you keep it, an' think of me still?
Mamma will be glad that I've come,
And for you we will both of us wait
Up there in that beautiful home,
An' mind, pa! you bring me my plate!”

'Twas a mere childish fancy at best,
More like to cause laughter than tears,
But it shows how that innocent blest
Of the death we so dread had no fears—
Then he turns to a blubb'ring old fool,
An', says he, "Stupid Bob, don't you cry ;
Little Bill isn't going to school,
He's going to heaven—good-bye !"
He laid his sweet head on Jack's arm,
With the other hand tight in his own,
An' he passed away smilin' an' calm,
An' Jack, poor old Jack, was alone !

* * * * *

At first he was stunned-like, was Jack,
But none the less ready for work.
My word ! he did more than his whack ;
He was never a cove as would shirk—
An' as if to make up for our loss
That there claim kep' on, plum after plum ;
Every day we were droppin' across
Half a dozen as big as your thumb.
But Jack—and I think I'd a share
In them feelin's—thought more of one curled
Golden lock of his dead darlin's hair
Than of all the blamed gold in the world.

* * * * *

It spread round the camp like a shot
That Jack Hill an' Bob Smith were in luck,
But none of our neighbours had got
A slice of the plum-duff *we'd* struck—
Just tucker was all they could raise,
An' some of 'em not even that ;
Such is Fortune's cantankerous ways,
All purr, or all claw, the old cat.
Well, one night—you're not tired ?—no !—all right ;
There isn't much more to be told.
One dark, bitter cold August night
We've turned in dead beat, an' the gold
Is under Jack's head—both asleep—
When two beggars crawl into the tent ;
They had watched right enough—an' they creep,
Like a couple of hounds on the scent,
One towards me—an' the other, by Jack,
Slips a hand where the shammy is stowed ;
"Tother fist, for safe, silent attack,
Grips a sharp butcher's knife—well, I'm blowed,
Jack wakes—but too late ; through the air,
Quick as lightning, sir, down comes the knife
Dead straight for his heart—an'—well, there,
That little tin plate saves his life.

* * * * *

We'd a tussle, of course—twig this scar?

But we nobbled 'em both—one I shot,
And the other's in Pentridge, Black Parr;

I think it was ten year he got.

Jack settled in Melbourne long since,

No cause for to fossick or roam,

An' them cups an' things fit for a prince

Come out with a fortune from Home,
Which his name isn't Jack—no—nor Hill,

I told you, you'll mind, at the start—

Oh, yes, he's a widower still,

Though South Yarra tries hard for his heart.

I fancy that plate is the charm

As drives Cupid's arrows back bent,

An' who knows but it shields him from harm

As it did that dark night in the tent?

But though Jack is well-bred an' I ain't,

Though he's reckoned a "man of much weight,"

He's neither a prig nor a saint,

An' he never goes back on his mate.

He'd relations afloat on the Flood—

He's the boss of this elegant place—

Here he comes!—it's my nevvvy, my lud,

Charles Smith—hem! Sir Bayard Fitz-Sayce.



A DRUG IN THE MARKET.

I stood in the street in the noontide, precisely at mid-day time,
For the loud-mouthed bells of the G.P.O. had that moment ceased to chime
(I trust to the public dial, since the lever I used to wear,
The one cousin Amy gave me, my uncle has—to repair).

Well, I stood in the street in the noontide, a breakfastless, lunchless wight,
No prospect of dinner before me, no hope of a bed for the night ;
And I railed in good Anglo-Saxon at the luck which had brought me out
To seek that Australian fortune I'd dreamed so often about.

Thus I stood in the street in the noontide, heart,
stomach, and pocket void,
A seedy but well-dressed loafer, respectably unemployed;
And I heard what was meant for music, and the
rhythmical tramp of feet,
And many a blazoned banner I saw far down the
street.

And up the street in the noontide, with the painfully
solemn air
Which your Briton in full enjoyment is proverbially
known to wear,
There trooped in the glory of broadcloth some
hundreds of well-fed men,
With a score of aforesaid banners, and bands—well,
I counted ten.

Up, up that street in the noontide, like ants on their
native hill,
These sorrowful revellers swarmed along at a pace
that could hardly kill;
And the banners swayed in the sunshine as their
bearers staggered beneath,
And the whole ten bands played different tunes, till I
thought I should shed my teeth.

Then I said to my next-hand neighbour, a citizen hale
and stout,

“ Pray pardon a new chum’s wonder, but what is this
all about ?

Whose obsequies do we assist at ; whom, *whom* do we
follow round,

And oh ! why are these mixed harmonics, these
‘ Gordian knots of sound ? ’ ”

Unto which I received as answer, “ A funeral ! that
be —— well !

It’s the *Height-Hour* Demonstration, as any but fools
could tell.

It’s the workmen of Melbourne city, they’re a march-
ing ‘ and in ‘ and,

All joining for self-protection, in one united band—.”

. Then the band that is so united, though severed by
ten bands more,

Passes out of my sight and hearing as it turns by the
White Hart door ;

And my scornful neighbour in going, of his own free
will exclaims,

“ They’re off to the S’cieties’ Gardens, t’ enjoy their
sports and games.”

But I stand at the corner-kerbing, as loafers are wont
to do,
And chew the cud of reflection, which is all I have to
chew ;
And I use some more Anglo-Saxon, of the strongest
kind that's made,
The burden being, translated, " Why wasn't *I* taught
a trade ? "

For these cornumanous parties, these eight-hour
working bees,
Make honey (for " h " read " m " there), and sip its
sweets at ease ;
And with *them* the ancient adage acquires this reading
new,
That " Jack's as good as his master, and a *great deal*
better too ! "

Ah yes ! they are truly bless'd, these octohoral gents,
Though their tippie is hardly Moët, and their ball-
rooms are but tents ;
They can pay their way if they're careful, and, free
from trouble and debt,
Can pity their worse-off betters, fast trammelled by
clique and set.

'Tis sweeter to spend a shilling that can purchase one
homely smile
Than to buy up the sneers of the many by paying for
spurious style,
As is done by those tinselled tilters who so often
salute the ground
From astride of their counterfeit chargers in society's
merry-go-round.

Pour moi—self-imported, unordered, my chances must
needs be small—
I'm too heavily advalorem'd to find a market at all.
Education and English polish are very unsaleable
stuff—
The men that are wanted in Melbourne must be sent
out here in the rough.

Perhaps if I gained experience of the sort that's
colonial-made,
I might worship the charms of Protection, and learn
to abhor Free Trade ;
But, *ad interim*, comes starvation, and I feel I am
hardly fit
To study political problems, while in want of a three-
penny bit — .

As thus I was standing a-musing, on aught but
amusing themes,
The chimes called the faithful to luncheon, and rudely
dispelled my dreams ;
And my irrepressible stomach reasserted its right to
yearn,
So I started off at a tangent, for my thoughts took a
practical turn.

I followed the Austral workman through the "golden
afternoon,"
To the scene of his innocent revels, where his bands
played out of tune ;
And I promised a Celtic contractor to carry him
bricks in a hod,
For a note a week and my tucker, and a *half-a-crown*
down—thank God !





AN EASTER EGG.

"A PRETTY custom, is it not ?

Our eggs are hidden
Each in some nook of garden plot,
And then you're bidden
To search and find one if you can,
And she who placed it
Pays forfeit to the lucky man
Who thus has traced it.
Die Herren next secrete one each,
The lady finder
A very neat *impromptu* speech
Must have assigned her.

"This is the game of Paschal eggs
Of old traditions,
Whereon we moderns, making pegs,
Hang fresh conditions :
First, that a pair who twice are brought
By chance together,

Should deem the sign suggesting thought
Of wedlock tether.
Next, that each Herr adorn his shell
With phrase or token ;
And, lastly, that it bodes not well
If eggs be broken."

Thus spoke, at Frau von Nocheinwort's,
Her lovely daughter,
In meet return for British sports
Which I had taught her.
"Write on your egg what suits your taste."
So I, arch plotter,
Embraced the hint, and slyly traced
"*Ich liebe Lotta.*"

Well, after lunch, we changed the scene
To gardens shady,
Where warily, through leafy screen,
I watched my lady.
It was *her* egg I chanced to find,
And quick displayed it.
The forfeit was—well, never mind,
She gaily paid it.

I hid *my* egg with all my might,
But Lotta found it.

I saw her read with dear delight
The legend round it.
There lay the milkwhite smooth ellipse
In pink palm nested,
"Twixt dainty wrist and finger-tips
How snugly rested ;
Two lips—such ruddy, tempting fruit—
The words repeated,
Till other lips—*so schmeckt es gut*—
That ripe pair greeted.

I felt the glow of what in youth
Will ever stir man,
And pledged my everlasting truth
In fractured German.
"My love will flow as flows the Rhine,
Auf immerdar !
Fein Liebchen, sag, wilt thou be mine ?"
She whispered "*Ja.*"
But even as our hearts we bound
One bliss the two in,
The egg, unheeded, met the ground
In squashy ruin.
Was it an omen that our love
Was egg-shell brittle ?
Of that, while passion soared above,
We thought no tittle—

But when my honeymoon I spent
At Aix (Savoy line),
The bride who 'gainst my shoulder leant
Was not the Fräulein.

Nay, as upon my arm Corinne
With blushes bright hung,
I read of Lotta's marriage in
Die Neue Zeitung.
All for the best ; till firmly set,
Vows lightly spoken,
Like eggs that form your omelette,
Are better broken.
The richest wine with coarsest dregs
Is often saddled,
And e'en the choicest Easter Eggs
Might turn out addled.





SANS SOUCI.

I.

"WHAT a love, what a duck of a place!" was Maria's
remark,

After viewing the house we had bought—Eden-row,
Albert-park—

"What a love, what a duck of a place!" and I echoed
the words.

It was really an elegant nest—fit for two loving
birds—

Known till then as "Old Muggleton's Spec.," but as
soon as we came,

'Twas resolved at a family council to better that
name.

I suggested the Roost or the Den, but Maria said,
"Goosey,

"It will sound far more knowing and nice if we call
it " 'Sans Souci' "

(Idea parenthetic crops up here, and, in my opinion,
'Tis a matter deserving research of a nature Dar-
winian,

Why our women, regardless of sex, from drudge Sal
to Amanda,

Should address the male human as "goosey," and
never as "gander").

We adopted "Sans Souci" forthwith, and the painter
next day

Inscribed on our outposts the charm that would keep
care away.

Now I never believed much in omens and stuff of
that sort,

But something occurred which, since then, has occa-
sioned me thought.

When that painter had barely concluded, a van at the
gate

Delivered betwixt those twin columns a package of
weight;

'Twas a gift from an Albury uncle—a vigneron
there—

And that hamper of wine of the country was branded
"WITH CARE."

II.

By the time that our notepaper came with the Sans
Souci stamp,

We had subtle suggestions of drains and faint frescoes
of damp,

Not improved by a shower or two, for the weather
was juicy,

And the rain had a way of its own—through the
roof—at Sans Souci.

The cockroach encroached on our rights in vast
squadrons by night,

Battalions of ants were deployed at the first dawn of
light,

Slugs sought out the cosiest corners and wallowed in
slime,

And death watches puzzled our clock till it ticked out
of time ;

That furtive old rodent the rat, with its ally the
mouse,

Made dozens of tiny Thames Tunnels all over the house,
Moths, mosquitoes, and fleas, and fleas' cousins of
flatter proportions,

Throve gaily, and centipedes crawled round in horrid
contortions.

Flies darkened the air as in Egypt, a black buzzing
stream,

And the song of the blowfly was heard, like the
roaring of steam.

While larrikin spiders aloft; like youths trammelled
in sin,

Exhausted their vital resources to keep "on the
spin."

You'd have thought Messrs. Noah and Sons had
announced a fresh trip,
And that all the small fry of the show, just to fill up
the ship,
Had been ordered aboard, but, alas ! had gone wide of
their mark
And mistaken Sans Souci the moist for that clipper
the Ark.
Then the gaspipes had odorous leaks, and the water-
pipes burst,
While the draughts grew to hurricane strength that
were zephyrs at first ;
There wasn't a chimney but smoked or a window but
squeaked,
And the doors, though anointed each day, still de-
fiantly shrieked,
And the garden was not a success, for we planted
sweet pea,
And it came up "old man," mixed with weeds of
the rankest degree.
What we sowed that by no chance we reaped, though
in search after cures
I wasted my substance in bones and less cheerful
manures.
Then the neighbours deputed a body who, noses hard
held,
Obtained by politeness relief which they might have
compelled.

Thus matters progressed day by day in gradations of worse,

And the clouds that o'ershadowed our house still refused to disperse,

Till at last, when the cat died of cramps, and the twins caught the croup,

And the cook, in an aguey fit, fell into the soup,

We gave ourselves notice to quit, and Maria and "Goosey "

Fled far from that home of Black Care which we christened "Sans Souci."





GOOD NEWS.

MOOSTARCHERS and hair black as jet,
Tall and thin, with a sad kind of smile ;
Soft-handed, soft-voiced, but well set—
A New Chum in manners and style.
That's him, sir—that's him ; he's been here
A matter of nigh fourteen weeks,
Which I know by the rent in arrear,
Though a gent—you can tell when he speaks—
Came one night about eight, hired the room
Without board—it's four shillings, and cheap,
Though I say it, and me and the broom,
And good yaller soap for its keep ;
And a widow with nine, which the twins—
Bless their 'arts—are that sturdy and bold
At their tricks soon as daylight begins,
Even now when it's perishing cold
O' mornings ; and Betsy, my girl,
As answered the door, sir, for you,
She's so slow for her age, though a pearl
When there's any long job to get through ;

And Bobby—but there, I forgot ;
You'll pardon a mother, I know.
Well, for six weeks he paid up his shot,
And then I could see funds was low.
He dressed just as neat, but his coat
Got buttoned up nigher his chin,
And the scarf twisted round his poor throat
Missed a friend in the shape of a pin.
So the rent it run on, for, says I,
He's out of his luck, I can see,
And wants all his money to buy
His wittles (you brat, let that be).
Where he works I can't tell, but he's out
Every morning at nine from the house,
And he comes back at six or about,
And ups to his room like a mouse.
On Sundays the same, so I s'pose
He visits his friends on that day,
But where it may be that he goes
It's not in my knowledge to say.
He ain't well, I can tell by his walk ;
He's as thin as a lath, and *that* pale ;
But I never could get him to talk,
So I can't rightly guess what may ail.
He never sends out for no beer,
He don't smoke, and as far as I see,
Beyond the few clothes he brought here,
And a desk, he's as hard up as me.

What ! you bring him good news ; I *am* glad !

A fortune ! ten thousand ! Oh, la !

That's the physic for *you*, my poor lad.

This way, sir ; it's not very far.

Mind that stair, please—the banister's broke.

Here's his door ; hush, I'll knock. Ah ! asleep.

Can't help it—you'd better be woke ;

The news is too pretty to keep.

Ain't he sound, eh ? Poor fellow, he's rocked

To rest in the Kingdom of Nod.

We'd better go in. It's not locked.

Follow me, sir. All dark. Oh ! my God !





A MOUNTAIN ECHO.

I WONDER if you ever think,
As I do sometimes, idly musing,
Of how we once were on Love's brink,
The "primrose path of dalliance" choosing.

In church my worship first began
On the best day of all the seven—
Fit vestibule for amorous Man
To marriage-making courts in Heaven.

Our pew was "four," yours "fifty-three ;"
My eyes were rivetted upon it,
And down a lane of heads could see
The trimming of your dainty bonnet.

A lady's face by lawful right
Claims higher grade than lace or feather,
But I in "dim religious light"
Adored your back for hours together.

And when, doxologized and blessed,
My hungry kinsfolk sought their dinners,
How slily in our pew I'd rest,
As though an Oliver of sinners.

'Then, but to touch a silken dress,
To ask the baldest commonplaces,
And get for answer "No" or "Yes,"
Was bliss that left undying traces.

The Sunday sirloin after *that*
Was meat that's only carved in fable ;
The Sunday beer, however flat,
Was nectar fit for Jove's own table.

Those parties, too—I could not dance,
And earned, 'mongst chums, the title "duffer"—
I watched you in a sort of trance,
And learned to hate, and learned to suffer.

For other youths more *debonnair*,
Their better wits and manners airing,
Monopolized my lady fair
Till it was almost past my bearing.

But then one glance my hopes would feed
And I was still a slave subservient,
Ready for any doughty deed,
Though all creation topsy-turvy went.

One mountain picnic sealed my fate ;
We left the others far behind us,
And you and I were *tête-à-tête*,
No social mist betwixt to blind us.

With sky above and clouds below,
Where summer winds blew almost coldly,
I felt my throbbing heart aglow,
And spoke its meaning to you boldly.

And when my panting rivals came,
No grain of hate I longer bore them,
For they were "nowhere" in Love's game—
I gained the Pinnacle before them.

You sang that day upon the Mount
A simple song, in simple numbers ;
Its notes fresh drawn from Music's fount—
I hear it often in my slumbers.

And so we understood—ah ! well,
I thought we did—what has it mattered ?—
I chose to idolize ; *ma belle*,
You chose to smile, for you were flattered.

With me the passion daily grew—
The boyish passion, new-created ;
With you—ahem ! best say with you
It wasn't quite reciprocated.

For when impetuous words would gush,
Like leaping waters from a fountain,
You stopped their flow with " Oh ! pray, hush ;
Remember, we're not on the Mountain."

So time ran on—I left the town
A few short months ; and then, returning,
I found that you were Mrs. Brown—
A fact that proved much wise discerning.

For had not Brown, oh ! help to Fame,
All Woman wants—or cash to buy it—
Good looks, good figure, and good name—
A better man—I don't deny it.

Well, that was—many years ago ;
It must be, for my eldest daughter
Just plucked one hair as white as snow
From locks once brown ; I woke and caught her—

She sings a song beside my seat—
A song that stirs Old Memories' fountain ;
'Tis very sweet—but not *so* sweet
As when I heard it on the Mountain.





WOOL IS UP.

EARTH o'erflows with nectared gladness,
All creation teems with joy ;
Banished be each thought of sadness,
Life for me has no alloy.
Fill a bumper !—drain a measure,
Pewter ! goblet ! tankard ! cup !
Testifying thus our pleasure
At the news that “ Wool is up.”

Thwart the empires, 'neath the oceans,
Subtly speeds the living fire ;
Who shall tell what wild emotions
Spring from out that thridden wire ?
“ Jute is lower—copper weaker,”
This will break poor neighbour Jupp ;
But for me, I shout “ Eureka ! ”
Wealth is mine—for wool is up !



WOOL IS DOWN.

BLACKER than e'er the inky waters roll

Upon the gloomy shores of sluggish Styx,
A surge of sorrow laps my leaden soul,

For that which was at "two" is now "one—six."
"Come, disappointment, come!" as has been said

By someone else who quailed 'neath Fortune's frown,
Stab to the core the heart that once has bled,

(For "heart" read "pocket")—wool, ah! wool is
down.

"And in the lowest deep a lower deep,"

Thou sightless seer, indeed it may be so,
The road to—well, we know—is somewhat steep,

And who shall stay us when that road we go?
Thrice curs'd wire, whose lightning strikes to blast,
Whose babbling tongue proclaims throughout the
town

The news, which, being ill, has travelled fast,
The dire intelligence that—wool is down.

A rise in copper and a rise in jute,
A fall alone in wool—but what a fall !
Jupp must have made a pile this trip, the brute,
He don't deserve such splendid luck at all
The smiles for him—for me the scalding tears ;
He's worth ten thousand if he's worth a crown,
While I—untimely shorn by Fate's harsh shears—
Feel that my game is up when wool is down.

Bolter, take back these prancing greys of thine,
Remove as well the vanquished warrior's bays,
My fortunes are not stable, they decline ;
Aye, even horses taunt me with their neighs.
And thou, sweet puppy of the " Lightning " breed,
Through whose fleet limbs I pictured me renown,
Hie howling to thy former home with speed,
Thy course with me is up—for wool is down.

Why, Jane, what's this—this pile of letters here ?
Such waste of stamps is really very sad.
Your birthday ball ! Oh, come ! not *twice* a year,
Good gracious me ! the woman must be mad.
You'd better save expense at once, that's clear,
And send a bellman to invite the town !
There—there—don't cry ; forgive my temper, dear,
But put these letters up—for wool is down.

My station "Gerringhup"—yes, that must go,
Its sheep, its oxen, and its kangaroos,
First 'twas the home of blacks, then whites, we know,
Now is it but a dwelling for "the blues."
With it I leave the brotherhood of Cash
Who form Australian Fashion's tinsel crown;
I tread along the devious path of Smash,
I go where wool has gone—down, ever down.

Thus ends my dream of greatness; not for me
The silken couch, the banquet, and the rout,
They're flown—the base *residuum* will be
A mutton chop and half a pint of stout—
Yet will I hold a corner in my soul
Where Hope may nestle safe from Fortune's frown.
Thou hoodwinked jade! my heart remaineth whole—
I'll keep my spirits up—though wool be down.





*DRIFTING.**

I.

DRIFTING, drifting, onward drifting !
Love, upon thy stream we glide,
'Midst the roseate glories shifting
Of the eventide.

II.

Balmy zephyrs close pursuing
Whisper words our hearts translate ;
When the very winds are wooing,
Shall *we* hesitate ?

III.

Ripples round our galley pressing
Coyly kiss, then kiss again ;
If the waves are so caressing,
Why should *we* refrain ?

** Suggested by Mr. J. S. Mackennal's Alto Relievo in a recent Exhibition of the Victorian Academy of Arts.*

IV.

Here are none to check or chide us,
None to caution or divide ;
Love alone to guard and guide us,
Drifting with the tide.

V.

Drifting, drifting—whither drifting,
Oh, *carissima*, with thee ?
To the radiant skies uplifting,
Or a storm-swept sea ?





BRAVA, TASMANIA !

REMOVE yon mutton from my sight,
Yon pallid loaf and sordid pickles,
I've supped on Melody to-night ;
No grosser food my palate tickles.

HAVE I not sat entranced, bewitched
By her, our new-found prima donna,
Then hurled her blessings, likewise pitched
My partner's bouquet down upon her.

(Excuse the rhyme. I own it crude,
But cannot wait to seek a neater ;
When with one's subject one's imbued,
What matter rhyme, or sense, or metre ?)

A voice that thrilled, a voice that stilled
The very hearts of all who listened,
And called up happy tears that filled
The eyes wherein they welled and glistened.

The voice of warbling Philomel,
Lulling to rest the fair Titania.
It ceases—hark ! the plaudits swell,
Oheer upon cheer—Brava, Tasmania !

I always liked good singing ; yes,
Since I was quite a tiny shaver,
Though I don't know, I must confess,
A crotchet from a semiquaver.

I haven't the remotest ken
Of scales chromatic, diatonic ;
(And yet I meet no end of men,
All members of the Philharmonic).

But I am strangely moved to-night ;
I can't be calm and analytic,
Nor vivisect my warm delight
With cold-nibbed steel like yonder critic.

Her " D below the treble stave,"
Her " F " that soars so far above it—
Of these let wiseheads prate or rave ;
They *sift* her voice, I simply love it.

Who says we have no birds of song
Save those from other lands imported,
Does us, pardi, a grievous wrong,
The statement of a mind distorted.

We *have* sweet birds, whose native notes
The public praise without demur win ;
And latest, best, the rhymester quotes
His countrywoman—Amy Sherwin.





A SPRAY OF AMARANTH.

A MOUNTAIN brook that, nigh its fount of birth,
Leaps the sheer cliff in brave bright arch unbroken,
Then sinks into the bosom of kind Earth
In rainbowed spray, a Heaven-promise token.

Such was thy life, sweet Kate—an impulse dream,
Nature and Fancy mingling to excel ;
Thy being gushed in one pure generous stream,
Then leapt to rest in rainbow-hued farewell.

Is it not better that the brooklet sped
In crystal beauty to its maiden grave,
Than deepened into dulness as it spread,
With rocks and shoals to fret its widening wave ?

We'll deem it so ; for while we mourn our loss,
And miss the radiant maiden of our love,
Lo ! in the very shadow of the Cross
Hope stands serene, and, smiling, points above.



*AN ACTOR'S FAREWELL.**

FAUST is disposed of, and Mephisto rises
To meet a welcome that he dearly prizes ;
And now, the die of his departure cast,
For present kindness and for kindness past
He thanks you all, with what poor words he can,
Both as the actor and the grateful man.
A generous public, a discerning press,
Help the stage-student half way to success ;
For the obstructive angles in Life's maze
Are smoothed and rounded by judicious praise ;
While honest censure, dealt devoid of spite,
Points the true path and sets the footsteps right.
This have I felt, thus guided have I been,
Since, three years back, I entered on this scene.
Those three years flown, and your good liking earned,
I play the saddest part I ever learned—

* Spoken by Mr. A. Dampier.

The part of one who, longing sore to stay,
Sees chance of fortune beckon him away,
And needs must say farewell. Thus do I stand—
Duty and Friendship on the either hand.
Duty cries "Go," while Friendship whispers "Stay ;"
But Duty's is the voice I must obey.

* * * * *

Shakespeare, high-priest of thought, whose godlike
mind

Read, page by page, the volume of mankind,
Speaks of the player—type of every age—
"That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more ;" doomed hence to pass
Like vapour from the surface of a glass.
The sculptor, when he lays his chisel down,
Leaves marble advocates for his renown ;
The painter's radiant colours, vivid yet,
Tint the dark clouds 'midst which his life may set,
Till glory chasing glory gilds his name
In the broad afterglow that men call Fame ;
The poet's words of fire outlast his breath,
And feed his altar-flame long after death ;
But we, the actors, whose true aim should be
On our own art to graft these kindred three,
When we are gone, our well-known voices stilled,
Alas ! how soon the little void is filled,

Unless some subtle cord, in soft vibration,
With sweet remembrance stir the heart's pulsation.
The pleasing hope, the fond essay was mine
In Memory's fane to build a living shrine.
Have I succeeded? I am fully blest
If you will say of me, "He did his best."





THE LION'S CUBS.

PATRIOTIC SONG AND CHORUS.

I.

AUSTRALIA'S sons are we,
And the freest of the free,
 But Love enchains us still with fetters strong
To the dear old land at Home,
Far across the rolling foam—
 The little isle to which our hearts belong.
It shall always be our boast,
Our bumper-honoured toast,
 That, should Britain bid us help her, we'll obey ;
Then, if e'er the call is made,
And Old England needs our aid,
 These are the words Australia's sons will say—
 There is not a strong right hand,
 Throughout this Southern land,
 But will draw a sword in dear Old England's
 cause ;
Our numbers may be few,
But we've loyal hearts and true,
 And the Lion's cubs have got the Lion's claws.

II.

From our ocean-guarded strand,
O'er the sunny plains inland,
To the cloud-kissed mountain summits faint and far,
Australians bred and born,
Behold yon banner torn,
And greet it with a lusty-lunged hurrah !
'Tis the brave old Union Jack,
That nothing can beat back—
Ever waving where the brunt of battle lies ;
For each frayed and faded thread
Britain counts a hero dead,
Who died to gain the liberties we prize.
Then there's not, &c.

III.

The ever-honoured name
On the bright bead-roll of Fame,
That our fathers held through all the changing Past,
In it we claim our share,
And by Saint George we swear
We can keep that name untarnished to the last ;
Then, when the hour arrives,
We will give our very lives

For the dearest land of all the lands on earth,
And, foremost in the fray,
Show Britain's foes the way

Australia's sons can prove their British birth.

Yes, there's not, &c.

IV.

Sons of the South, unite

In federated might,

The Champions of your Country and your Queen ;
From New Zealand's glacier throne
To the burning Torrid Zone,

We'll prove that welded steel is tough and keen.
The wide world shall be shown
That we mean to hold our own

In the home of our adoption, free and fair ;
And if the Lion needs,
He shall see, by doughty deeds,

How his Austral cubs can guard their father's lair.

For there's not, &c.



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Western Post, Mudgee.

*Mudgee Independent.
Yass Courier.*

Hay Standard.

Riverine Grasser, Hay.

Orange Liberal.

Border Post, Albury.

Cooma Express.

*Manaro Mercury,
Cooma.*

*People's Advocate,
Gulgong.*

Braidwood Dispatch.

Tamworth News.

*Molong Express.
Corowa Free Press.*

Murrumbidgee Times.

Burrangong Chronicle.

Cootamundra Herald.

Gundagai Times.

*Cumberland Times
Parramatta.*

Parkes Chronicle.

Kiama Reporter.

Kiama Oddfellow.

Illawarra Mercury.

Forbes Times.

"We believe that this work will find its way into every reading-room in Australia, and that it will also be seen on the drawing-room table of every lover of Australia."

"Would do credit to any publishing house in any part of the world."

"A lasting testimony to the pluck and energy of the publisher."

"Doubtless no literary work ever came out in the colonies under a more distinguished or a more general patronage than 'Victoria in 1880.'"

"In addition to its value as an exhibit of what a five-decade colony of the Anglo-Saxon race can achieve in the world of art, it will be a welcome souvenir to those who would value, in some distant land, a memento of Victorian scenery."

"The most *recherché* and interesting work yet published in the colonies."

"To crown all, the author, artist, and publisher are Australians."

"Is got up in a style worthy of the occasion."

"Will deserve a place in the best libraries of the world, and may be considered cheap at its publishing price."

"We trust will meet with the liberal support to which it is entitled at the hands of all Australians."

"Of such a superior character as to demand a place upon every drawing-room table or library-shelf in each of the colonies."

"Both from a literary, as well as from an artistic point of view, it will be a decided success."

"So fine a book could not have been dedicated to any more worthy gentleman."

"Of a sound and instructive, as well as interesting nature."

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"The freeness, vivacity, and clearness of the narrative never flag."

"The book will be sure to command a large sale."

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Ultradulla and Milton Times.

Coonamble Independent.

Lismore Chronicle.

Nowra Telegraph, Shoalhaven.

Grafton Observer.

Grafton Argus.

Clarence & Richmond Examiner, Grafton. Inverell Herald.

Queanbeyan Age.

Macleay Chronicle.

Grenfell Record.

Wentworth Telegraph.

Dubbo Express.

Barwon Argus, Bre-warrina.

South Australian Register, Adelaide.

South Australian Advertiser, Adelaide. The Australian Star, Adelaide.

Frearson's Weekly, Adelaide.

We have no doubt this magnificent enterprise will result in a fortune for the projectors."

"A splendid and very valuable affair."

"We have no hesitation in saying there have been few other books so useful or excellent issued from the press."

"The most handsome volume yet issued by the colonial press."

"In all respects it will vie with the best publications of the same kind brought out in the old world."

"A most creditable production; not only very handsome, but also very useful."

"An elegant addition to our colonial literature."

"We trust that the work will meet with the reception which its character deserves."

Lantern, Adelaide.
Gawler Standard.

The Bunyip, Gawler.

South-Eastern Star,
Mount Gambler.

Border Watch, Mount
Gambier.

Kapunda Herald.
Yorke's Peninsula Ad-
vertiser, Moonta.

Areas' Express, Glad-
stone.

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Hobart Town Mercury.

Launceston Examiner.

Literary Intelligencer.

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Queenslander

Brisbane Courier.

Nord - Australische
Zeitung, Brisbane.

Morning Bulletin,
Rockhampton.

Maryborough Chron-
icle.

Wide Bay & Burnett
News, Maryborough

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Warrick Argus.
Isundaberg and Mount
Perry Mail.

Northern Miner, Char-
ters Towers.

Mackay Standard.

Mackay Mercury.

Gympie Miner.

Catrina Advertiser.
Peak Downs Advertiser.

Falmer Chronicle,
Maytown.

Port Douglas Gazette.

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Fremantle Herald.

Eastern Districts
Chronicle, York.

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New Zealand Herald,
Auckland.

Auckland Free Lance.

Wellington Gazette.

Napier Daily Tele-
graph.

Ashburton Herald.
New Plymouth Budget.
Temuka Leader.

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Bay of Plenty Times.
Mount Ida Chronicle.

Cromwell Argus.

Oamaru Mail.

Akaroa Mail.
Hawkes Bay Herald.

Bruce Herald.

Wanganui Times.

Wanganui Herald.

Dunstan Times.

Charleston Herald.

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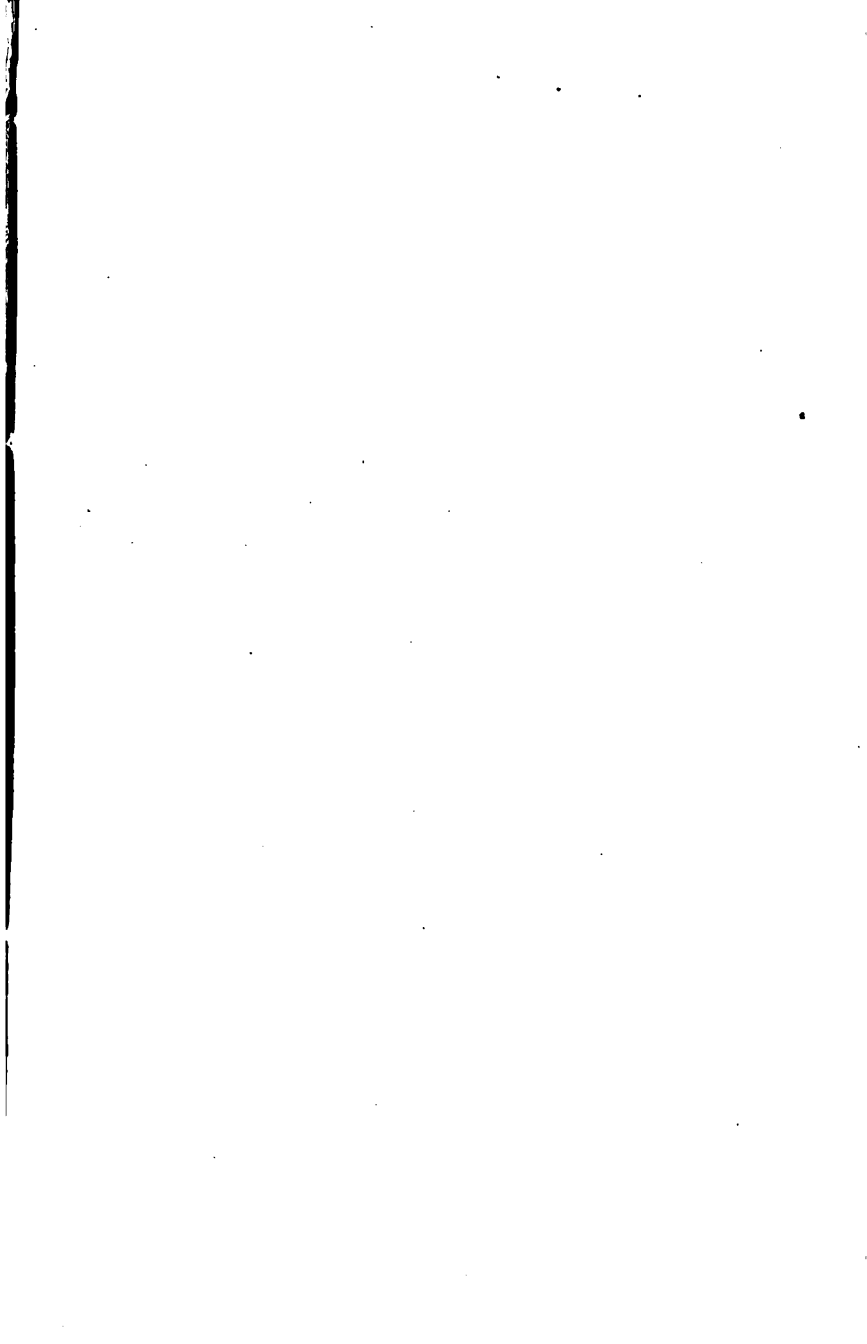
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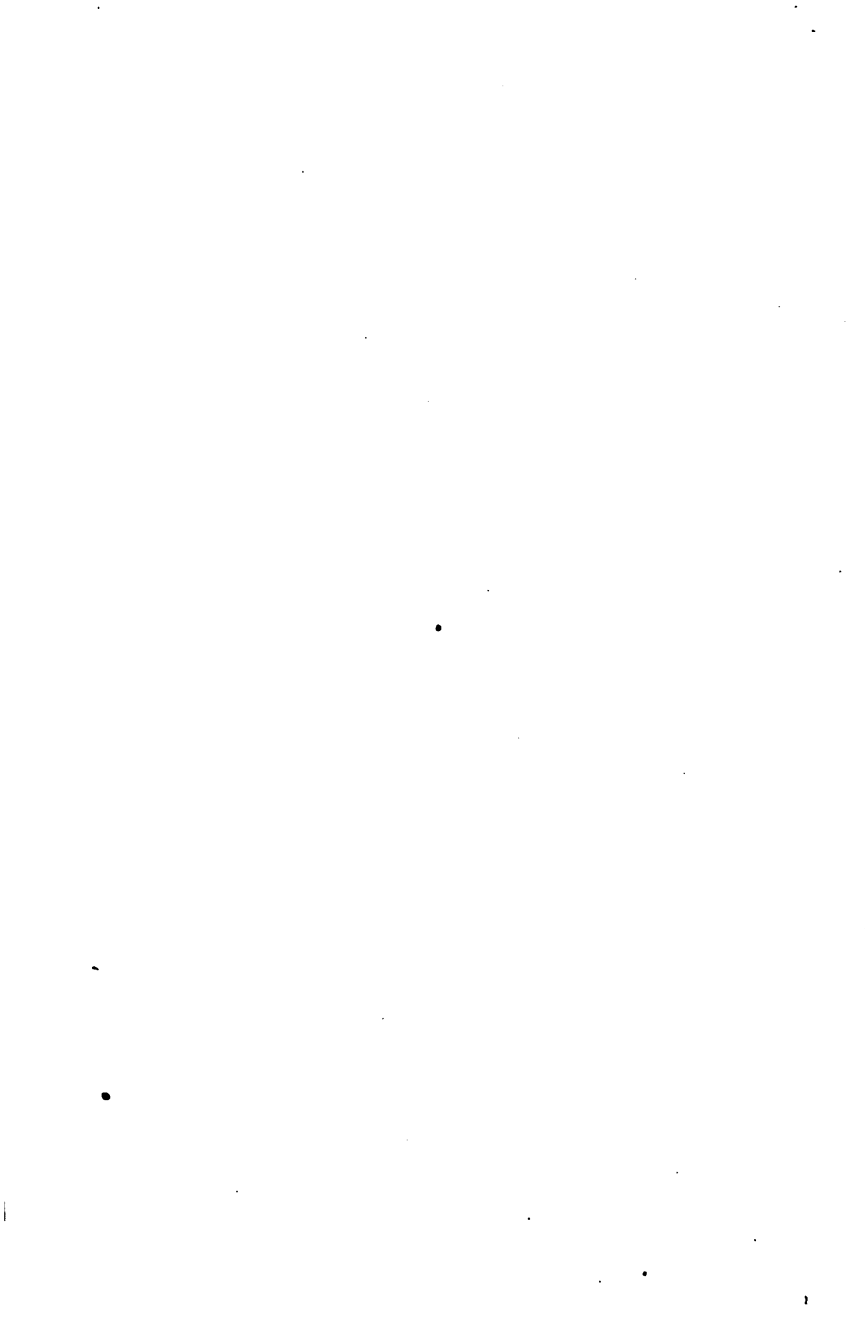
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